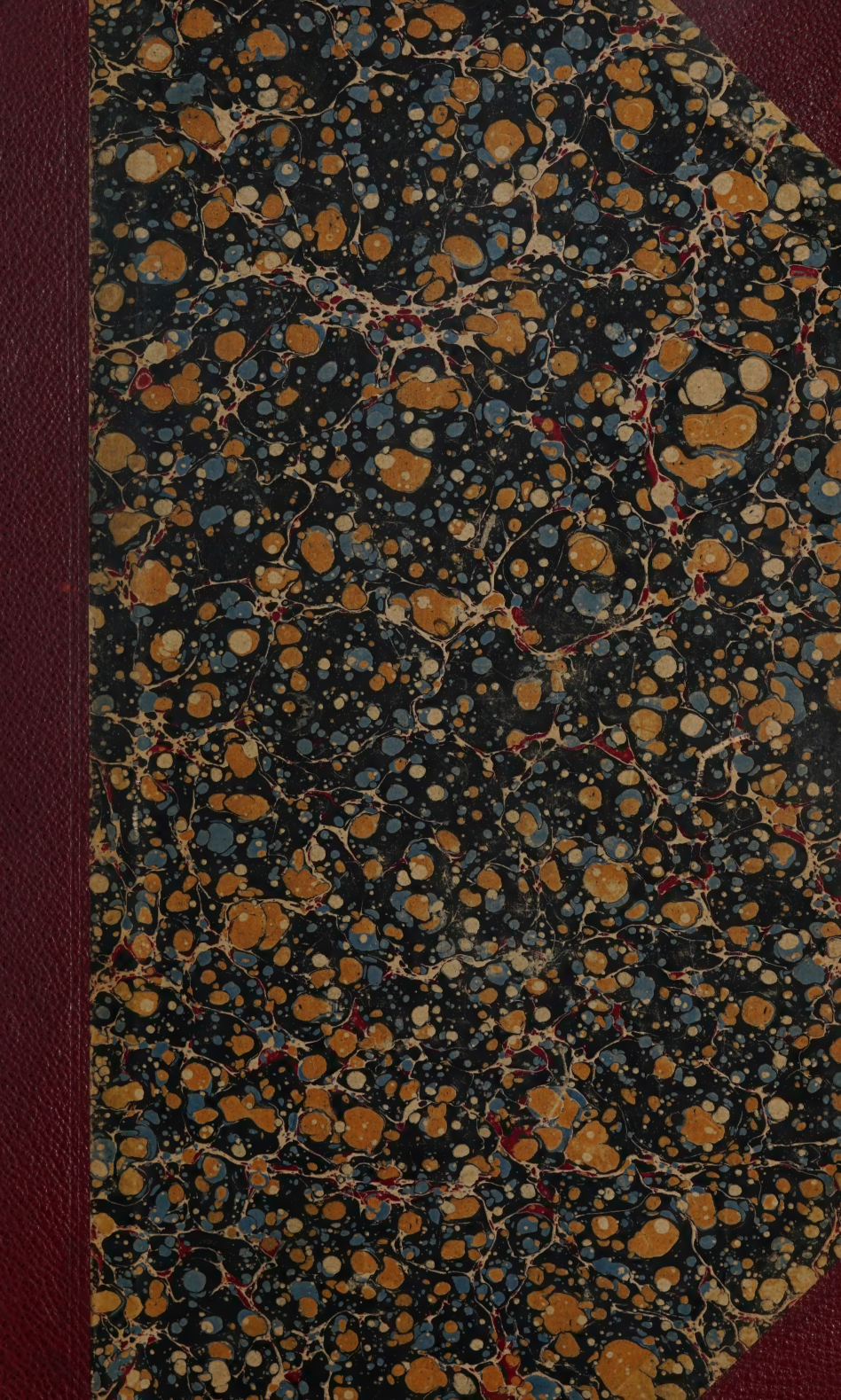

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Deo Date

Make thy young life all beautiful and sweet
By self-devotion and by self-restraint.
Far from the noises of the world retreat,
Thy daily task fulfil without complaint,
For, lo! a call more urgent than the rest—
Arise, and hearken to thy soul's behest:
"Deo Date!"

Its meaning? No endeavor is in vain,
For the reward in doing is the prize;
The rapture of pursuing is a gain
Not all the pleasure in the victory lies.
Then, ah, when thou hast won the guerdon fair,
A voice like incense rises with the prayer—
"Deo Date!"

"O give me back," I cry, "that beauteous morn
Of vanished splendors and exultant strife!"
When 'mid temptations and dark hours forlorn,
I whisper, laden with the woes of life,
And tottering 'neath the burden of the Cross,
With famine of the heart, and pain, and loss,—
"Deo Date!"

I stand upon the headland and I hear
The low incessant sobbing of the sea;
I watch the billows roll and disappear
Around the rocks and caverns under me.
The beauty of the loveliness that gleams
From mist-clad shores now murmurs as in dreams—
"Deo Date!"

I hear sweet chimes from some cathedral tower
Resounding echoes with unbroken song,
Proclaim the solemn chant at vesper hour,
In sweet reverberations roll along,
Now seem their deep heart-throbbings like my own
To whisper in a tender undertone.
"Deo Date!"

I pluck a blossom, fairest of the fair,
A beauteous rose—a glowing golden rod,
That clad in radiant vesture seems to bear
Its heartfelt message upward to our God.
This song of sweetness from a creature's heart,
With fragrant exhalations now impart.
"Deo Date!"

"My child, give me thy heart!" I hear it sung
With thrilling accents in the convent choir.
How many a loving heart with grief is wrung
When comes the call for dear ones who aspire
To that most perfect way—the hidden life
Who, listening, hear above the din and strife—
"Deo Date!"

In every round of life, in every heart,
That call reechoes with a rapturous tone.
The mother by the cradle or the hearth,
The virgin kneeling at God's altar throne,
The ancient sire, the youth with fiery zeal,
All listen to the silvery message peal—
"Deo Date!"

Then give to God of all thine earthly store,
Of all thy love, thy life, thy heart's desires,
The pleasures and the sweetness ever more,
The very soul-throbs that each thought inspires.
Let much be given, for much will be returned
Of all for which the soul hath ever yearned—
"Deo Date!"

FOR YOU AND ME.

"The highways the highways! They lead so proud and free,
Through guarding gate and towered town along the wharf-set sea;
But oh, the little byways that call to you and me!
The little leaf-spread by ways that wander dim and cool,
Past white-starred dogwood branches above the forest pool.
Let others see the highways that lead so proud and free,
But all the little byways were meant for you and me."

Bishop's House,
Portland, Me., Nov. 18, 1913.

Dear Rev. Father:

The annual collection for the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C., and Diocesan Educational Institutions will be taken up in all the churches of the Diocese on the First Sunday of Advent, November 30, 1913. You will please announce the collection on the previous Sunday, Nov. 23, 1913. The collection last year amounted to $1,734.24. Please to forward the collection to the Chancery Office at your earliest convenience and make all checks payable to The Roman Catholic Bishop of Portland.

Sincerely Yours in Christ,

✠ LOUIS S. WALSH,

Bishop of Portland.

1912
Catholic University Collection

Portland, Cathedral	$182.60
S. Dominic	137.20
Sacred Heart	50.00
S. Joseph	15.50
Auburn	20.00
Augusta, S. Augustine	19.25
S. Mary	23.00
Bangor, S. John	35.00
S. Mary	50.00
Bath	
Belfast	
Benedicta	10.00
Biddeford, S. Andrews	30.29
S. Joseph	29.43
S. Mary	90.00
(Old Orchard)	
Brunswick	15.45
Calais	36.40
Woodland	6.39
Caribou	8.23
Chisholm	5.65
Daigle	2.15
Dexter	7.50
Eagle Lake	3.50
Eastport	74.57
(Pembroke)	2.06
	2.72
Ellsworth	8.00
Bar Harbor	10.15
Fairfield	10.00
Farmington	4.63
Ft. Fairfield	12.00
Ft. Kent	15.00
Gardiner	27.73
Hallowell	19.51
Houlton	30.00
Jackman	5.00
Kennebunk	2.50
Kingman	6.00
Lewiston, S. Joseph	50.00
S. Mary	
S. Patrick	90.00
S. Peter	40.26
Lisbon	15.00
Lr. Grand Isle	13.00
Machias	20.27
Madison	6.75
Millinocket	11.30
Milo	
N. Lyndon	15.00
N. Whitefield	7.00
Oldtown	53.85
Orono	25.32
Presque Isle	9.50
Rockland	25.00
Rumford, S. Athanasius	32.00
S. John	26.50
S. Agatha	6.30
S. David	2.10
S. Francis	2.00
Sanford	24.61
Sheridan	3.14
Skowhegan	41.67
So. Berwick	21.34
So. Brewer	19.00
Springvale	2.00
Upper Frenchville	11.00
Van Buren	25.00
Wallagrass	3.10
Waterville, S. Francis	20.00
Sacred Heart	15.00
Notre Dame	12.00
Westbrook	38.60
Winn	5.00
Winterport	2.50
Yarmouthville	5.40
Winthrop	5.32
Greenville	6.00
E. Millinocket	3.00
Dover	5.00
Henderson	
No. Vassalboro	3.00
So. Paris	1.03
Total	$1,734.24

Diocesan Events, October, 1913

2—Rev. M. A. Clary, Rector of Cathedral since April, 1907, starts on a vacation of several weeks in the West. Rev. T. H. Houlehan, Director of Catholic Institute, appointed Rector.

3—New lot of land on Mellen Street, Portland, bought to protect and enlarge property of Holy Innocents Home.

4—Confirmation at Lisbon Falls and Lisbon. Conference of all Rectors of Churches in Portland at Bishop's Home.

5—Letter of Rt. Rev. Bishop on Seminary training and on collection for that work read in all the Churches of the Diocese.

7—All the details for the Ten Centenary civic celebration satisfactorily arranged, a committee of Catholic gentlemen and the Knights of Columbus to arrange the public meeting.

9—Bishop visited Cornish and Limerick and selected a property at latter place for a Church in the near future. Also visited Maple Crest Sanatorium.

12—Knights of Columbus in a body, assisted at High Mass at Cathedral, sermon by Rt. Rev. Bishop.
Ter-Centenary Civic celebration, Columbus Day and the Sixteenth Centenary of the "Peace of Constantine," at City Hall auditorium, Portland, 8 P. M. The Rt. Rev. Bishop, His Excellency, Gov. Haines and His Honor, Mayor Curtis of Portland and several Catholic gentlemen made addresses to a magnificent audience. Good report in Portland Argus.

16—Confirmation at Chisholm 11.30 A. M.

17—Visit of Bishop to Lewiston, St. Patrick's new Convent, St. Joseph's new Convent and to St. Mary's Rectory.

18—Seventh anniversary of the Consecration of Rt. Rev. Bishop. Mass, 8 A. M., and address of Bishop to children.

19—Confirmation at St. Mary's, Biddeford, at 3 P. M.
Reception and recital at St. Joseph's Academy, Deering, 8 P. M.

26—Visit of Bishop to New York and Washington, conference with Sisters of Charity of Emmitsburg on Hospital work.

28—Dedication of new Chapel at St. Mary's College, Van Buren, by the V. Rev. President. Land secured at Stockholm and at Mar's Hill, in Aroostook County for Chapels to be built within a year.

31—Diocesan Board of Consultors appointed for the term of three years, Nov. 1, 1913-1916, namely Rt. Rev. Mgr. M. C. McDonough, V. G., Rev. Arthur T. Hamel, P. R., Rt. Rev. Mgr. F. X. Trudel, Rev. John O. Dowd, Rev. Joseph Marcoux, Rev. Martin A. Clary, three chosen by the Rt. Rev. Bishop, and three others from the names presented by the priests of the Diocese. Rev. John E. Kealey appointed a member of the Parish Priest Consultors in place of the late Rev. R. W. Phelan.

THE CALL OF THE BRAVE.

Take me back, ye leaping waters,
Shield me, oh, ye lordly pines,
Where the mainland's dusky daughters,
Calling from the water-vines,
Knowing naught of crowded city,
Love their bracing northland air.
Breathe, ye blue nun lakes, in pity
For your lonely brave, a prayer.

Take me back to cliff and highlands,
Give me back my birch canoe,
Let me glide among the islands,
Build my shattered hopes anew.
There the maple, spruce and larches
Whisper gently while I stray,
There beneath those forest arches—
Sleep God's warriors today.

The Triumph of the Cross in the New World

A series of Constantine celebrations were held in the Lateran Basilica at Rome, beginning with Sunday, April 6th. Monday, April 7th, was known as American day, and the use of the Mother church of Christendom was give over to the North and South Americans then in the Eternal city.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered by the Rector of the North American College, Mgr. Kenedy. Sermons were delivered in English, Spanish, and Portugese by Fathers Macksey, Rodrigues, and Almeida, all members of the Society of Jesus.

Before the beginning of the Mass of the day, Father Macksey, S. J., of the Gregorian University delivered the following interesting and instructive discourse on the Triumphs of the Cross in the New World, especially in the United States.

Taking as his text the words "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee and called thee by thy name: thou art mine." (Is. 43, 1).

Father Macksey said: For three centuries the Church bore her children only to see them die all about her, mingling their blood with the blood of the Lamb that was slain. In the precincts of this ancient city her sons were slain by thousands, and the passing centuries have not obliterated the places nor the signs of their slaying, nor robbed her of all the sacred relics of their triumph. Everywhere in crypt and catacomb is it written that she stood over them at their dying, signed them with the sign of redemption as they went forth, whispering to them the words her Spouse spoke to her out of Isaias,—"Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, and called thee by thy name: thou art mine." (Is. 43, 1).

A day of respite dawned upon her after those three centuries of blood, when Constantine came to champion with the sword the Bride of the Lamb and make her ways the paths of peace. And the sign that drew the emperor, the sign wherein he conquered, was the same sign of the Blood of the Lamb, the Cross of our redemption. Thenceforth Our Mother grew in majesty and sent out the word of salvation to the whole known world, preached the good tidings to all that were in captivity, and with the sign of the Cross she marked them all. With the gospel of Christ she sent forth a message of civilization, east and west,—carried safe the lamp of learning through the dark days consequent upon barbarian inroad, enlightened all Europe with her

literature, was the inspiration of art, the patron of science, the mother of history. And in the later times, when the Genoese sailor dared the deep and disclosed a new continent in the west, the Cross that shone above Constantine she set in the soil of America, while before it she raised an altar on which was offered up the unbloody sacrifice of redemption, whereof the Cross is the sign. From that day forth with the Cross of redemption she began to mark the outlines of that new northern continent of the west. From Saint Augustine on the South Atlantic to Saint Ignace beyond the Lakes, from the river of Saint Croix in the east to San Diego in the west the whole land was signed for salvation.

In God's good time the first republic of the west was founded, its doors opened to the persecuted and oppressed of all the world;—and out of every tribe and tongue and people and nation they came to fill up a commonwealth of liberty safeguarded by law. The Cross was there before the birth of that commonwealth; the sons of the Cross bore their portion of toil, peril and death for its foundation. Since that fair day from lands where Catholicity was persecuted and poverty oppressed millions have passed over to lend their faith and energy in the building up of a stalwart people under whose aegis the Cross has risen to crown ten thousand heights, where Catholics in full freedom kneel to praise God for the blessings of redemption. Today we have come together here, strangers from over far seas, to rejoice in the house of our Mother and to lift our voice with hers in praise and thanksgiving. We have entered in at her ancient gates and stand in this her ancestral temple, the Head and Mother of all the churches of Rome and of all the world founded by Constantine and consecrated to the Holy Saviour of mankind. We are here to recall with her the glory of her Spouse, the Lamb without spot, to praise with her the Redeemer of the world, who with His Sacred Blood hath made us free, and to join with "every creature which is in heaven, and on earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, saying,"—as when the seer of Patmos heard them—"To Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb benediction, and honor, and power, for ever and ever." (Apoc. 5, 3). For the Cross that triumphed on Calvary, when He was lifted up that He might draw all things to Him, the Cross that led Constantine to victory and lifted the Church out of temporal oppression, the same Cross hath spoken victories for us in all our land of the west, and hath victories yet to speak in the days we shall not see.

We were but a few scattered sheep at the start; but today the flock counts fifteen million souls within the limits of the United States. With difficulty and in out of the way places the faithful few once gathered for the Holy Sacrifice; but now on Sun-

day morning as the rising sun moves on its way from the river of The Holy Cross through village town and city, on its five hour journey to the western sea, it is gilding cross after cross on spire and tower and dome, where the bulk of our fifteen million Catholic people are come together for the renewal of the sacrifice of redemption. Where once we had not a school in which the Catholic faith was taught, we now number them by thousands and a million and a third of young people are under the daily training of a devoted army of Catholic (chiefly Religious) women and men. Not ours the glory. "This in the Lord's doing; and it is wonderful in our eyes." (Ps. 117, 23). Not by the sword of Constantine this; not by the power of wealth, nor political genius, not by extraordinary gift of nature; but without scrip or purse, or weapon or wisdom, in lowliness and patience, with faith and sacrifice, in the grace of God and by the sign of the Cross this thing has come to be.

Our churches were built with the pennies of the poor; our schools set up, as they are now maintained, by the sacrifices of our priests and the alms of those who toil. The life of our forbears was lowly; some of them came from races that had forfeited a nationality for the faith and were practically outcasts. They labored in humble ways, content with little for themselves and saving for the Catholic education of their children and the help of the priest. For the priest shared their privations with them and of their poverty they gave for his need. In the midst of strangers to their faith, who socially pitied them and often racially despised, they ate the bread of exile and wore the badge of the poor. But they signed themselves night and morning with the sign of the Cross; they ate of the supersubstantial bread and were strengthened with the blood of the Lamb of God. The grace of God was manifest in them; the sign of the Cross ennobled them; they lived content with lowliness and died with faces all aglow with the hope of immortality. And their neighbor, who was still half a stranger to them, came to admit at the last that, though their life was poor and their station lowly, the Catholic faith was the faith to die in. This was our first victory of the Cross over those who loved it not.

To-day we look forward to a further victory. Not by numbers, nor wealth, nor political power, not by intellectual prowess nor civic predominance,—but by the strength of the Cross signed on our brow, the grace of our redeeming Lord in our hearts and the hearts of all. Serving God with an example of true manhood, meeting life's problems not with human selfishness, but with the divine principles of right and wrong illumined by the teachings of the Cross, we hope to see another triumph in our land. Our fellow-countrymen who are not of our faith are no longer hostile to it. We have gone through

many trials with them shoulder to shoulder, and they have seen the strength of Catholic faith, the fruits of Catholic doctrine. They do not fear the Cross, but the enemy of the Cross, the insidious, blaspheming sower of sedition against God and man, who seeks to overthrow the altar, the tribune and the majesty of law. They look to those who under the sign of the Cross have achieved a station of religious, civic and social respect, for counsel, for support in a measure for imitative in meeting the perverse teachings of our time. We are still the Church of the poor in America; we shall never be—thank God! —the Church merely of the rich; but we are rich in the treasured truth of Christ, rich in the strength of Rome's unerring guidance in all things of faith and moral living. Our countrymen look to our principles for civic security in the troublous days of social distress; they look to our practice for the lifting of citizenship into a function of the service of God, in whom we trust. And in heaven's due time, if we be true to our Redeemer, we think to have our fellowmen declare that the Catholic faith is the faith to live in. This is the victory of the spirit to which we look forth,—that one by one the sheep that are not of this fold our Redeemer shall bring, and they shall hear His voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd; that one by one in the matter of each one's affairs of the soul, they shall come to accept the sign of the Cross, not only as a sign, but with all the sign stands for,—of redemption in Christ, of truth revealed by Christ and treasured by the Church, of grace sacramentalized by Christ and administered by the Church, of sacrifice of many things of this life for the glory that is beyond.

Our Mother, the Church, has a special need of this our hope and example now when from recreant lips of unfaithful offspring she that gave them the light is charged with the blight of darkness; she that built their schools and founded their universities as the enemy of liberal education; she that enfranchised them all is calumniated as the foe of freedom; she that civilized the world is branded as the obstacle of human progress. The spiritual independence which God gave her under Constantine has been taken from her, and her feet are in the winepress again. Where once the life-blood of her children was sought and she stood like the Maccabean mother, glad to see them die for their faith, she has now to behold the life of the soul failing them, the internal vitality of the spirit sapped with indifference, unbelief and blasphemy at the last. Yet these are they for whom our Redeemer, Jesus Christ, has bled. It behooves us to stand steadfast in these hours of her later trial, staunch in the midst of perilous days and the snares of insidious pleadings; not mistaking pride of power, nor national wealth, nor the false light of ungrounded assumption and unconcluding

theory masquerading as the science of truth, nor intellectual license posing as enfranchisement,—not mistaking any or all of these for the pearl of price, for the liberty of the sons of God wherewith our Redeemer has made us free. Under the Cross of Christ and in the spirit of the Cross of Christ our Mother, the Church has a need of us to gather round her, a source of strength in the hour of need, a consolation in her days of mourning. Undying still she stands, redeemed and passing on the blessings of redemption, and she shall yet be at her station when at the last she shall come to see the return of the remnant of Israel. During all the vicissitudes that yet await her, her trust is ever in Him Who being lifted up drew all things to Him, Who having joy set before Him embraced the Cross, and over us who living for her shall die in her bosom she will repeat that trust, crying over the grave's edge out of the lips of Job, —"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and in the last day he shall raise me out of the earth, . . . and in my flesh I shall see my God." (Job. 19, 25).

ALL HALLOW EVE

Let me stand at the gate as a beggar,
Let me peer thro' the bars of light,
For the courts of heaven are ringing
With songs of the saints tonight.

Martyrs and white-robed virgins,
Prophets and priests and kings;
Up from the misty ages
That grand procession brings,

Incense of prayer and worship,
Wafting thro' heaven's vast dome
"Te Deum laudamus—Te Deum"
To the Godhead's eternal throne.

St. Cecilia in Art

Music claims the Roman Virgin Cecilia as its special patroness. Her name is blended with all the triumphs of that art in the sixteenth century. Societies were then, as now, placed under her protection and her festival was celebrated by melodies composed in her honor. How often has not a mass in honor of St. Cecilia, or a hymn in her praise, been the first composition of some talented musician. How many artists of superior merit have considered their best efforts worthless until they had dedicated at least a hymn to the Virgin whose protection they craved. And today the feast of St. Cecilia is celebrated wherever music creates even the slightest interest.

Painters, poets and sculptors also paid tribute to her honor. And although the style of the sixteenth century painters was not well adapted to the representation of the supernatural, many among them produced masterpieces that are still admired and appreciated by the world of art. However the immortal Raphael surpassed even Guido Reni, Carlo Dolci, Veronese, Salenilheni, Garofalo and others whose productions are still extant.

The Saint Cecilia of the Museum of Bologna is considered the great work of this kind by the artist prince.

St. John, the Evangelist, and Saint Paul stand on the right of the martyr, St. Augustine, and St. Mary Magdalen on her left. All these figures are incontestably beautiful, but there is no mystical expression about them.

Magdalen in particular does not at all correspond with our idea of a holy penitent. There is a heavenly expression about Cecilia, but her physique is rather too gross. Emblems of profane music are scattered at her feet, her lyre rests upon her knees; her eyes are reared to heaven and she seems listening to angelic concerts.

It was this painting that awakened in Corregio the consciousness of his own talent and made him exclaim: "I, too, am an artist."

Domenichino painted many frescoes in St. Cecilia's chapel at Rome, in the church of St. Louis des Francais; and these embrace almost the entire life of the Saint. The Angel conversing with Valerian and Cecilia; the Virgin distributing her fortune to the poor after Valerian's martyrdom; Almachius seated on his tribunal, and the calm, imposing attitude of Cecilia, refusing to offer incense to the idols; finally and pre-

eminently, the immortal scene of Urban's interview with the expiring Virgin; the bathroom inundated with generous blood which the faithful eagerly collect, the poor assisting at the last moments of their faithful benefactress, the Pontiff's ineffable emotion at the sight of so sublime a sacrifice; the martyr's legacy to the Father of the faithful.

The blending of all those incidents portrays the Acts of Saint Cecilia far more vividly than the most eloquent words could do.

The most touching representation of this dear Saint is that of her martyrdom. Stretched upon the marble pavement, the chaste virgin lies upon her right side as if gently sleeping on a couch, her knees modestly joined, her face turned away, the position of her fingers indicating the mystery of the Holy Trinity.

It is related that, at her martyrdom, the officer presented himself before her armed with a sword, Cecilia hailed him with joy as the bearer of her nuptial crown. She offered her neck to the executioners with an eagerness that was triumphant. The lictor vigorously brandished his sword and, although he struck her three times he could not succeed in severing the head from the body and for three days she lay bathed in her life blood. The three deep cuts are shown on the neck of the marble figure and the face is turned to the ground. At the last moments, the holy virgin turned away so that none could witness the secret communings of her departing soul with the divine object of her love. It is under this beautiful aspect that St. Cecilia is most frequently portrayed and admired.

"Glorious Cecilia, august martyr; thou art the holy temple of Christ, His noble dwelling, His pure abode. Deign to intercede for us who celebrate thy praises."

In the "Los Angeles Tidings" Nov. 15th, we note the following appreciation of the Maine Catholic Historical Magazine: "The Maine Catholic Historical Society has commenced the publication of a magazine devoted to the purposes for which the society was organized. This is an excellent step, as the fourth number, devoted to the Ter-centenary of the Church in Maine, is creditable alike for its attractive make up and the amount of valuable matter in its pages. Only those who have delved into the musty old times for some bit of information can appreciate the advantage of such a journal as the magazine of the Maine Catholic Historical Society."

Manaskan

An Indian Tale of Maine

(Denis Darcy.)

CHAPTER I.

An Unwelcome Guest.

A moonlit night and a lonely little cabin that lay in the shadow of hills not far from the rocky shore. Twisted shrubs, huge boulders and even the stately spruce gave life and form to the silent mysterious landscape around it. A canoe grated on the sandy beach and a young boy sprang out and walked leisurely towards the hut. He had just come from the caribou-roast on the opposite island and was bearing home a bit of dripping meat as a gift for his mother.

As he reached the door, he turned and cast a lingering glance back on the scene he had left. Above him the stars looked down like a billion tiny fires kindled by loving hands to light his way; stars that meant tranquility and peace to him far back as he could remember the gentle teachings of his mother—and more, they reminded him of the silent power of God. Great crackling fires in the black gloom of islands across the water painted pictures for him they had never painted before. The bay was like a huge silver shield, flat-rolled and glittering, inlaid with master cunning between the islands that jutted here and there in ever changing, ever charming confusion. The great background of mountain peaks lifted majestic snow-crowned heads that in the moonlight towered with glistening splendor to the sky. To him the forest had always been home and he loved its moonlight and its starlight and the low voice of whispering winds and trees, but tonight a lonely feeling seemed to come to him from every shape and shadow.

Manaskan, for so he was called, lifted the latch and entered the cabin. There was silence, a dead pulseless quiet, broken after a time by a faint, inarticulate sound. The oil-lamp sputtered and began to smoke.

"Mother," said Manaskan softly, "Mother, I have brought you something. Perhaps it will help you."

He waited for an answer but the figure on the cot lay silent and motionless—only the tenement of clay was outlined in the semi-darkness—the spirit had fled. The missionary had been

there a week ago and had consoled the woman with the last rites of the Church. The boy did not understand at first, but now as he groped his way towards the bed, for the wick had burned out, a moan of anguish burst from his lips and holding his face close to the cold damp brow of death he sobbed long and loudly in the hour of his deepest grief.

It was a long time before he took his face from the silent form, from the last of all love, of all that bound him to flesh and blood in his lonely world. His mother was dead. Manaskan grew to realize some of the long dreariness that had suddenly come into his life. He was bewildered and confused. Child-like he did not know what to do. He went out and according to Indian custom three times discharged the old musket that hung on the wall of the cabin. It was the death signal and the tribe engaged in their fire-dance on the island paused to hearken from whence had come the reports. Manaskan then seated himself on the edge of a rock, and began to think strange, serious thoughts for so young a boy. For the first time in his short life it came upon him that this was home, and what home had meant to him. He looked at the leaping flames, at the fitful shadows which they set dancing and grimacing about on the islands across the harbor; and it seemed to him now that they were taunting him, telling him now that he was alone, alone, alone.

Long after La Saussaye and his crew of thirty men together with the four Jesuit Fathers had touched the coast of Maine, Jacques Harfleur had set out from what is now New Brunswick to see if there were not better soil, a finer country and life more agreeable that at the St. John River settlement. After months of travel with his wife and baby boy, through the kindness of an Indian guide he reached a point on the coast of Maine called Pemetiq, an island situated in a beautiful, and sequested harbor.

Harfleur cast his lot among the savages who treated him kindly enough, and he thought them more desirable neighbors than many of those he had left behind in the white settlement at the St. John, for there was wont to be much strife and jealousy over land and ownership in those days.

It was a miracle that the family did not perish. During the winter Harfleur contracted a heavy cold and after lingering a few months, sank into a lonely, nameless grave upon the hillside just behind his rude cabin, but not until the Father from the mission had been brought to him by his trusty Indian friends, who promised that when his wife and child were left among them that they would not cease to protect and care for them. And the promise had been faithfully kept. Little Manaskan became like one of the tribe and soon learned to handle a bow and spear; tribute from all the hunts and spoils were laid at the

cabin door and those aids that would help sustain life in the wilderness, for such it really was.

Here at the opening of our story we find Manaskan deprived of the only relative he had known; for recollection of his father had faded from his memory; nor had he seen a single white man set foot upon those shores until the black-robed missionary from the settlement in New Brunswick, miles and miles away, had been brought by the faithful Indians to console his dying mother.

CHAPTER 2.

The White Man Comes.

The bright sunshine of Indian summer shone clear and benign on the shores of Pemetiq. Enchanting glimpses of the blue Atlantic were touched with the magic of light; the white foam of the surf, where the billows reared their crests far out beyond the islands seemed to break in showers of silver spray as they were tossed on high by wind and tide. Wave after wave rolled shoreward until they thundered on the cliffsides then gleamed and glistened on their usually dark and massive heights.

Manaskan sat on an angle of jutting rocks near the shelving beach. It was just a week since his mother was laid to rest in the hillside behind the cabin. Two wooden crosses marked the resting places of Harfleur and his wife, and Manaskan wondered if he too would one day rest beside them; then looking seaward he longed for a sail to come gliding over the water from some other part of the world, for he had several times seen ships pass in the distance, but never near enough to tell just how they really looked or what they might be. The Indians could not tell him for they knew scarcely anything about the white men or their ways and they did not care to know or even meet them on their ground.

There had been some unpleasant occurrences between the Indians and the whites up along the St. John River—and rumors of strange doings had traveled far and wide among the tribes even to the retired Pemetiq.

Manaskan was revolving the details of some of the weird stories that an Indian guide had rehearsed the night before in the wigwam near his cabin where Wahin his savage friend lived as guardian and protector. He it was, who two days after the burial of Manaskan's mother, had adopted him into the tribe; and now Indian interests became the interests of Manaskan.

The boy was listless and dreamy and had acquired many of the shiftless habits of the braves, who were roused to action only by the prospect of some great hunting or fishing expedition or when preparations for war between themselves and neighbor-

ing tribes gave the needed stimulus. Three or four times that week Manaskan had heard something about the traders in those faraway settlements and their bartering for furs. He had even seen some of the gilt baubles and strings of bright colored beads that the Indians had received in exchange for valuable seal furs, and had greatly admired the gaudy colors and glitter of the ornaments. And then the desire, the longing to see some place besides the little sheltered nook in which he lived came into his young heart and stayed and grew stronger and stronger day after day—but no opportunity came to him.

A pebble rolled from the cliff above and stopped at his feet, then another and another, and soon the tall friendly Wahin was beside him.

"The Black Robe is coming here next week" said he, in his soothing musical dialect, "and we shall celebrate and dress for the war dance. You, too, Manaskan, shall wear your paint and feathers, and carry your hatchet, for you are one of the tribe,—Manaskan, good Indian. Someday you will be Manaskan, Indian Brave. But you must do some great deed before you will become a brave. You must not sit in the door of the wigwam and talk to Squaw Ooga, nor carry her corn. A brave does not do such things. Take your bow and arrow and follow the course of the streams—hunt, fish and learn to be a warrior."

Manaskan readily imbibed the lesson. Henceforth he would scorn to carry corn for Ooga—she might mutter and mumble to him—he would not look, he would pretend not to hear. Every morning would find him on the trail of the hunter or spearing into deep waters. It should be his highest ambition to acquire skill in the handling of his weapons so that one day he might accomplish a great deed and be worthy of the title "Manaskan—Indian Brave."

But Wahin hearing a distant whoop rose and proceeded to the hill top leaving the boy alone with his thoughts.

The afternoon had passed when two men rode down to the shore and dismounting tied their horses to a branchless pine not far from where Manaskan sat.

The boy looked at them and watched them narrowly. One was a small delicate looking person with dreamy blue eyes and a tawny mustache and not unpleasant countenance; the other, swarthy, heavy-browed of middle size, stout and with an air of determination.

Manaskan wondered what he should do. Should he make them aware of his presence, as they did not seem to perceive him, or should he let them go as if he had not seen them? He was not afraid and still he felt as if he were rooted to the spot.

"Beautiful scenery" observed the smaller man. "Let us spend the night here in the shelter of these rocks and in the morning we can go back to the ships."

"This would be an excellent place to land," declared the other, "if there were no risks to be run in meeting some of these fearful redskins. They are a treacherous lot."

"I never could quite understand the nature of an Indian," said his companion, "however, being true children of the forest they have never learned to till the soil to any extent or cultivate the art of civilization. Little can be expected of them.

"It seems to me it would be easy to cultivate this land and make it worth a great deal in a very short time; then bring out more settlers and sell it for a good price. I mean to make the most of what I can get here."

The eyes of the small man roved along the shore. "Pretty scene and peaceful," he remarked. "I believe this is just what Biencourt is seeking."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, that this is the valley he spoke of before setting sail. Fertile land, water, romantic scenery—what more would any one want?"

"But it seems to me it is already occupied," said his companion, the great dark husky man.

"Occupied by whom?" was the response.

"Do you not see the wigwam?" said the smaller stroking his mustache. "We can't dispossess them. They own it. They are native to the soil."

The other laughed scornfully—"Those are Indians—they don't count. Our government has declared they have no right to land."

"What a shame," was the reply. "Well, I shall not take this land away from its rightful owners nor have any part in such proceedings. You can do as you like of course. But not a cent of my money will go into such a venture as this. It is a disgrace and a shame to so treat the poor Indian."

Manaskan held his breath he could understand that the land in the valley was the question at issue but could not understand all that was said. He had heard of the cruelties of the whites in the New Brunswick Province and his eyes flashed, his cheeks burned at the thought of his own little cabin being burned and the strip of corn land taken from him. His heart was wrung with the thought of the injustice—he crept down the side of the cliff and went into his home. The inside of the cabin was clean, and a few gaudy faded prints were stuck on the walls. Just facing the door was a large brass crucifix before which Manaskan prostrated three times daily to pray for grace to lead a good life.

He had promised his mother he would do this; so far he had been faithful.

That evening he stolidly avoided all conversation lest he might

betray his secret but resolved to wait for the missionary and tell him all.

The bell rang out from its open wooden tower the next morning and from every point braves, squaws and children came to gather around the rude altar—a large table-rock just under the brow of the hill. Manaskan gazed with wondering eyes on all that was taking place. The good missionary was arranging the few essentials for the holy Sacrifice of the Mass assisted by two of the leaders of the tribe. He knew that what was going to take place was something grand beyond anything he could dream of. Only last night the missionary had called the Indians together and had given them simple, practical instructions in their own dialect and Manaskan had been prepared for the great and holy mystery that was to be celebrated. A great awe came over him as he knelt before the altar and gazed up at the crucifix fastened on the rock wall jutting out like an awning.

He joined devoutly in the services and crooned the Indian hymns in their soft minor melodies rocking his lithe body to and fro in a sort of rhythmic motion, and reciting the prayers with all the earnestness of his heart. After the others had gone back to their habitation until recalled for further instructions, Manaskan waited patiently, (it is part of an Indians nature to be patient) and only ventured to approach as the Father rose from his knees. Long and deeply devout had been the good priest's thanksgiving. Here in the heart of a virgin forest with the dusky natives of the soil around him, an abandonment of purpose, a high resolve and the strength of a spiritual giant under the protection of holy Providence, vast powerful and far-reaching, like a great wave inundated his very soul. The renewal of the Eternal Sacrifice had been made here under the whispering pines on the shore of Pemetiq.

"Well, my son," said the missionary with a smile, "what have you on your mind this morning?"

"Father, give me your blessing," answered the boy as he knelt down.

Resting his hand in the dark clustering curls of the bowed head, the venerable missionary gave his blessing as the boy desired and said, "My son, you are worried. Let me share your burden."

"Yes, Father," answered the boy in a low tone, "I am much troubled and want to tell you all about it. Perhaps you can change things so that all will be right."

"You do well, my son. Does it concern yourself or others or perhaps both," said the Father.

"It concerns all the Indians on this island, myself included. Yesterday strangers came and rested on the shore just over there, as the sun was going down. They talked together for a long time but did not see me up on the rock. I could not hear

what they said, I could not understand them either, but I think from their way of looking and pointing they are going to come and take our land from us.

"Father, have these strange men the right to take everything from us and drive us away? What will the tribe do? What will happen to my little cabin, and oh, the graves of my father and mother." Here the child flung himself wildly sobbing on the ground at the Father's feet.

"Come, Manaskan, be brave," said the Father, "you are not sure of all this. Tell me again, perhaps you did get the right meaning from their looks and gestures."

Manaskan repeated his story for the picture of the previous day was well imbedded on his memory. The missionary's face grew very grave as he listened intently to the repetition of Manaskan's story. Then looking up to the huge wooden cross that rose in sharp outline against the bright blue sky and spread out as if to embrace all with its redeeming portent, he said:

"Manaskan have courage. You have your mighty Father above who will care for you. You are His child, the child of God, and all your Indian brothers are His children. He will care for you. Nothing will happen to you unless He permits it for He loves His children. Manaskan, be brave and pray to your Father in heaven."

After a little more conversation he sent the boy to summon the tribes to the instruction about to be given. There was no time to spare, the missionary was due in the settlement as soon as he had given these poor savages some crumbs of comfort for their consolation and poured new light into their souls.

Manaskan obeyed but his heart was heavy. He had opened his heart to the Father, he had told his secret and nothing satisfactory had been done. What had happened at the settlement might happen here.

The missionary sadly shook his head when the boy had disappeared. "I suppose it is the old story of the redman's fact and the white man's fancy. The government will declare the lands for sale, I can do nothing but advise the Indians to get away as soon as possible if matters come to the worst."

(To be continued.)

An Etching

A stately ship with all her bravery on sped down towards the wide, dim, mysterious ocean. Each throb of her great engine's heart impelled her nearer to a pall-like cloud. Like the black mantle of night it hung outspread in the eastern sky, waiting to envelope the goodly vessel within its sombre folds. The deck appeared deserted. The supper gong had sounded, and the passengers, merry and thoughtless had answered gaily to its summons. But behind the line-box stood a little group, an old man and two young girls gazing wistfully at the fast-receding waves, wrapt in the beauty of the picture before them. Off in the west lay the busy city they have just left, its domes, spires and buildings bathed in the glory of a wondrous sunset, and itself, from the glow metamorphosed into a city of gold.

Rapidly the glorious sun went down behind the hills, leaving the sky and land dyed in the crimson mantle which he cast around him as he sank.

Not a breath stirred the air, the flag and awnings of the steamer hung listless. The smoke from the ponderous smoke-stack fell like a mist, rife and dull.

The sea was black, not a wave broke its calm, the glow deepened and spread, the western heavens which were full of the fleecy clouds of a mackerel sky, blazed with splendor, the dark waters caught the reflection and became a sea of blood.

The brass of the compass-box, the fastenings and railings were as burnished deep red copper—even the smoke now resembled a plume shaded from blood-red to faintest pink.

"It may be fancy," said the girl, with a far-off exalted look on her sweet face, "but it seems to me that the Gate of Heaven has been opened, and we have been accorded a glimpse of the glory within."

Instinctively the three drew together, the radiance adorning them with a nimbus of light.

"Men's faces looking into the sunset are golden, so are our lives when we continually look into the countenance of coming death," quoted the old man dreamily.

And the stately ship sped on away from the gorgeous glow of the harbor into the dark heart of the storm cloud.

But the ship that

"Sailed for sunny isles
Came never back to shore."

K. J.

St. Martin's Summer

The month of November seems like a shrine of devotion around which cluster many beautiful flowers of sainthood, whose sweet legends win the heart and charm the mind. Maiden and warrior, priest and man, complete the array of Christian nobility remarkable alike for mysticism and miracle.

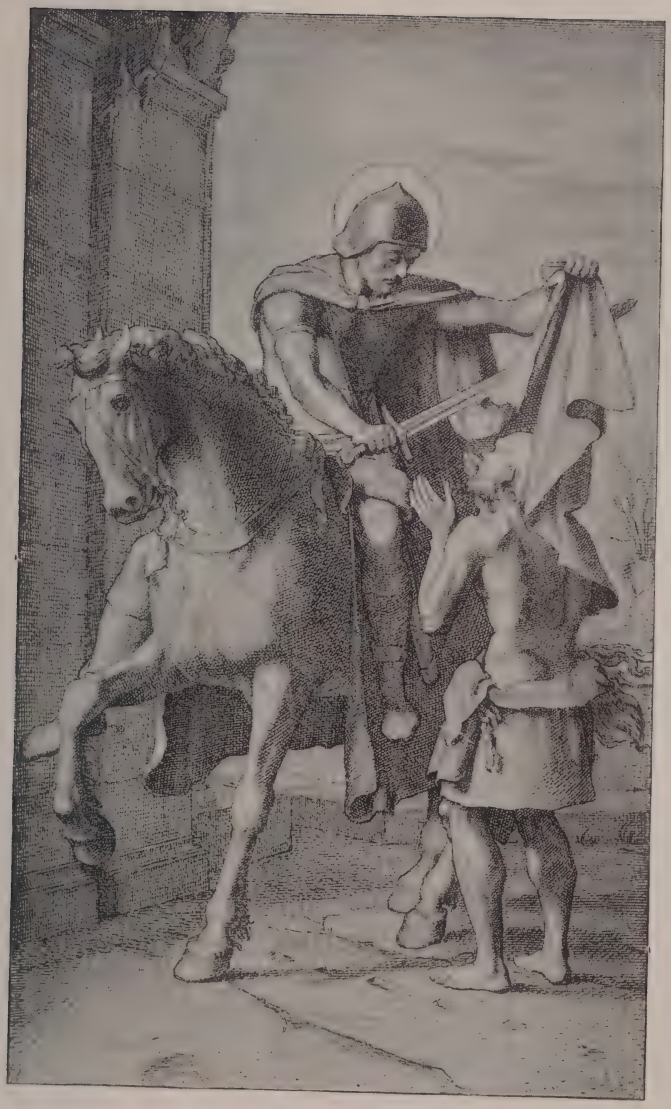
One, the famous St. Martin, who converted the greater part of Gaul to Christianity, is the subject of this brief sketch.

We know the story of how the young Roman officer, while yet a catechumen, divided his military cloak and gave the larger part to a shivering, starving beggar on a sharp winter day.

With this historical fact is connected a legend that accounts for those pleasant balmy weeks in November known as St. Martin's Summer.

"Silver and gold I have not," said the Saint to the beggar; "but what I have I give, in the name of the Lord." At these words, the very earth trembled with joy; nature awoke to life and happiness; the sun poured down in mellow radiance its beautiful flowing rivers of light; brooks leaped and gurgled on their way; the very birds came from their winter hiding places and filled the air with sweetest warbling. Then a voice from heaven, heard by all around, said: "Martin, because thou hast had pity on this the lowliest of thy fellowmen, I grant thee a foretaste of paradise this day. For I say, all those who here below take pity on the unfortunate shall enjoy in heaven a perpetual spring."

Thus the legend runs and further states that this is the origin of St. Martin's summer, or as it is called in our own United States, Indian summer.



St. Martin's Charity.

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The Catholic Church An Advocate of Peace

The civilized nations long for a world-peace and have proposed to gain this ultimatum by creating an institution for International Arbitration. The Hague conference paved the way for a Congress of this kind. In 1907, at a larger meeting thirteen conventions and one declaration were drawn up. According to this agreement each nation has the right to send six delegates or representatives to the peace councils and may choose jurors from the entire list whenever she is disposed to call upon the International Court to settle differences with other nations.

Today civilized sentiment is universally in favor of peace, and this disposition, this method of handling questions of vital interest to the world at large is lauded by the Catholic Church.

But this Congress of Arbitration has not as yet been acknowledged by all nations as qualified to irrevocally settle all points of dispute.

It is necessary to have a strict code of law formulated, acknowledged and understood, according to which all matters will be rigidly determined; in fact the power of a Peace Congress can not be undisputed until the disarmament of nations has been accomplished.

Now, this seems to be more or less of an impossibility. Every nation is jealous of her rights as a governing institution. Existence liberty, commerce, society, religion have their demands satisfied within their own territory. The honor or independence of one nation cannot be settled by another—that would mean supremacy to some degree on the part of the judge.

What would qualify as an influence to promote an ideal standard? The world will follow that which is worldwide in its moral and spiritual influences.

Now the Catholic Church in her acknowledged principles in matters of peace and war is undeniably reasonable.

She is the one divine institution beside which all things of this world crumble and decay. A living body established by God to interpret the Almighty Will, unchangeable, infallible, she has proved to the world that she stands foremost and alone as the highest and universal promoter of moral and spiritual influence today. Her doctrine is the doctrine of peace received from Christ, the Prince of Peace, and unerring into its claims. She teaches this doctrine of peace to individuals and therefore

to nations which are no less than a moral aggregation of individuals. Justice and charity are her motives inculcating the law "love thy neighbor as thyself," a law foreign to the pagan world at the time of Christ, and just as foreign today to those who sit in the darkness of error.

"Peace to men of good-will" sang angels at the birth of the Savior—"Peace be to you" was the greeting of the early Christians. "Peace among all men" is the positive reflection of Christ's love for us.

Contrary to the systems which divorce the duties of the state from all morality, which boldly strike at the root of honor between nations the Catholic Church upholds the divine law of charity—the basis of all true peace.

It is the condition of society which is most conducive to economic, moral, domestic and civil progress. It is not weakness nor vapid inactivity; it is the very fullness of energy with a proper aim in view.

What are the conditions of war? Stifling of commerce, repression of the arts and science, the ruin of hearth and home, the retrogression of all moral, civil and domestic developments. Who can deny these effects?

If, in times of peace, a national government is often negligent of duties or abusive of political power, how can the duties of war and interior relations be properly attended to at the same time?

The question may be asked does the Church allow the right to war?

Yes, under certain conditions. Granting that all nations possess rights which demand recognition on the part of other nations, it must be admitted that physical force may be used as a last resource when all other efforts to prevent violation of rights have proved ineffective. Nevertheless the Church is chary with regard to the prosecution of these rights. She does not agree to warring for vain conquest, development of national resources, nor for any purpose except on the grounds of retributive justice.

The Church, therefore, looks with disfavor on excessive armament, and exaggerated militarism, for these are wont to bring about disadvantages in war without proportionate advantages.

Despite the Hague Conference and other Peace Conferences that have been held since the time of inception, preparations for war have been going on and are continued even to the present day. There is, therefore, no assurance of peace. Our strained relations with Japan, and our present situation with regard to Mexico are proofs enough.

Nor is it true that the best way to prepare for peace is to be ready for war; this would only be a negative condition of peace and quite as terrorizing as war.

This has not been the way of the Catholic Church, for she has ever proved herself both independent and patriotic, not leaning on any human element in her arbitration between nations but influencing the European world wholly by her principles as is evidenced by her knighthood in the days of chivalry, and the beautiful law dominated with her sense of holiness called the Truce of God.

Turning the leaves of her history we review Constantine's humility, and the expulsion of the victorious Theodosius by St. Ambrose; the censuring of Eudoxia by the fearless St. John Chrysostom; the reception of Henry IV at Canossa by Pope Gregory; the power of Pope Boniface VII against Colonna; and in 1801 when Pope Pius VII took powers from every Bishop of France. These events are standing witnesses to the fearlessness of the Church.

The Crusades were inaugurated and led to rescue the Holy Places. Pius II in the last, led the army himself; and Julius II when asked how he wished to be represented in marble, answered, "With a sword in my hand."

Most successful, however, have been the arbitrations of the Church and we read that St. Ambrose, St. Augustine and Theodoret even complained of the many matters for arbitration that were laid before them.

St. Leo protected the Romans against the Huns; St. Gregory established negotiation between Philip of France and the Merchants of Italy; Innocent III between Philip the Fair and Edward I; and later, when Leo XIII succeeded in settling the difficulties of the Caroline Islands between Hayti and San Domingo.

The Church practically possesses no temporal power, she has no national bias. Consequently her rights are purely spiritual and do not interfere with the State's exclusive rights. Her empire, however, is coextensive with the bounds of the earth and therefore she holds undisputed moral ascendency over the entire world. Her power is as strong in South Africa as at Rome.

Our Holy Father Pius X gave a striking example of this spiritual dominion as head of the Church when he ordered the clergy of France to withstand the calls of the government for support.

It follows then that the Catholic Church is ideally qualified to be Arbiter among nations.

The world may trust her reasonably for she has the moral power to make decisions and established laws acceptable among the nations.

Also just such qualifications as the Catholic Church possesses are lacking in the so-called Peace Movement of today.

No supernatural light is admitted into its councils and there-

fore no surety for its future, no stability, no true wisdom.

In any world-institution the Creator must have a part, otherwise, history repeats itself, it will only fall away into oblivion. But assisted by the Church, the Peace Movement will gain stability and power—its standards will be appreciated, its ideals raised and its usefulness immeasurably increased.

W. R.

OUR EMBLEM.

We searched the earth's fair garden through,
And looked intently here and there;
Yet found no flower of lovelier hue
Than the dear rose so sweet and fair.

Ah, beautiful its radiant glow,
And velvety its petals bright,
No bloom with its compares, I know,
To win the heart or charm the sight.

Fair blossom made by God, so rich
With raiment rare of flowery grace;
On earth a type of sweetest love,
Wherein a Love Divine we trace.

A queen in festive hall or bower,
A mistress in the highest place,
Where the Almighty hides His power,
The altar, from whence flows His grace.

Within its fragrant calyx fair,
A virgin heart of wealth untold,
Exhaling fragrance soft and rare,—
How modestly its leaves unfold!

The trembling drops of pearly dew,
Which on those lustrous petals shine,
Reflect a glimpse of heaven's blue,
As earnest of a work divine.

Untaught to labor, weave or spin,
And born to bloom a day, then fade;
Far higher arts thy robe did win,
Than Israel's kingly wealth displayed.

Sweet emblem, may our souls from sin,
So free and pure like thee arrayed—
Teach us the crown of life to win,
By loving God in things He made.

Real Christian Unity

The Episcopalians in a recent session in New York came out strongly for church unity. The Congregationalists in session at Kansas City, also endorsed church unity. After years of petty quarreling amongst our separated brethren and against Mother Church, they are at last beginning to admit what they foresaw many years ago.

That Jesus Christ intended His church to be marked by unity is a truth so clear that even the sects from under whose feet it cuts the ground have made the most desperate effort to show that, whilst separated, they are still united. For this purpose they have had recourse to the theory of fundamentals, and finding the footing extra rotten, next fell back on the equally treacherous "branch" theory. We have seen that both these theories contradict Scripture, common sense, and the very practice of those who framed them. In fact we need not have gone to the trouble of refuting them, since the present movement for church union so prevalent among the sects at the present time, proclaims their unsoundness.

Here is the point which must be faced honestly by the advocates of church union, if their efforts are not to be destructive instead of constructive. Why do they seek church union, not a branch theory of fundamental theory, but a real organic union? If it is sought as it is in many cases, on mere utilitarian lines, then the supernatural is eliminated and naturalism of rationalism triumphs. If this union is advocated because Christ wished and prayed that His Church would be one even as He and the Father are one, then questions of supreme moment, dogmatic and historical are involved.

If Christ wished and prayed absolutely and with qualification that His church would be one in the highest degree, in order that by this marvellous unity the divine character of its founder would be manifest to the world, then church union must have existed for the last nineteen hundred years. To say that our Lord's absolute wish and prayer were futile is to deny His divinity. If our Lord is God, then His prayer for perfect unity of His church as a testimony to the world of His Divinity must have been fulfilled from the beginning. The world was not to wait for nineteen centuries for unity which, according to His own words was to show that His mission was Divine. This sign must have been given to it from the outset and must have continued through all ages; otherwise there would have been a time when the world could not have recognized the Divine character of Christ and Christianity would have been a failure.—Catholic Register, Kansas City, Mo.

Devotion to the Holy Souls

During the month of November, Holy Mother Church places before our minds the beauty and consolation of devotion to the souls in Purgatory. In these days, when we read and hear so much about scientific altruism, social uplift, and race regeneration all of which since the earliest ages have been known in the Catholic Church as works of mercy, corporal or spiritual, we labor well in the cause of our holy religion, if we succeed in bringing home to the worldly-minded that in the Church of God the dear departed are not forgotten.

True, we have many and vast opportunities for teaching charity, kindness and forgetfulness of self, but the most appealing instance of all charity is the Catholic practice of devotion to the holy souls in purgatory. United in the bonds of faith, the Militant, Suffering, and Triumphant members of the Church form with grand, significant, complete unity, the Communion of Saints.

"Miseremini mei!" cry out the helpless prisoners from the dark valley of separation, from the deep-lying land of unpictured woe; for their pains are keener than our imagination can portray, but not without hope.

Christ, the Redeemer, has given His Church all the treasury, the infinite treasury of His eternal merits; and we who war in the cause of truth and justice have access to this vast wealth for the ransom of souls living and of those who have died in the Lord.

"But nothing defiled can enter heaven," and the Church Militant with a heartfelt pity comes to the assistance of those who, after a painful struggle in this weary exile, have won the eternal goal.

If, to relieve an anguished mind is a nobler work of mercy than to bind up physical wounds, surely a phase of devotion that far transcends both physical and mental alleviation, and which affords comforts and relief to the spirit which is beyond the conception of human minds—such a devotion must at once and inevitably gain our interest and secure our practice.

"For 'tis a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins."

But it is to be feared that we, too often, neglect the suffrages which would secure rest and peace for the souls of the faithful departed. Ah, let us remember that they are not quite beyond the influence of our love. Let us deck altars of memory with

that living wreath—the rosary, the prayer that calls to Mary in behalf of her children, begging her to rescue them from penal flames. And as there is no sweeter music in the ear of her beloved Son than the sound of His Mother's voice, as Queen of Heaven she reigns by right divine over the realm of Purgatory, and tenderly, generously does she exercise her benign office.

Prayer for the dear departed is then one of the living practical devotions of our holy faith. It is, indeed, a greater consolation than can be represented by floral emblems or marble monuments. The grave is robbed of its victory, death of its sting when ascends the high and holy offering—the Eternal Sacrifice renewed upon our altars whence flows the Precious Streams from Christ's sacred wounds that alone can quench the chastening fires of purgatory.

"O consoling Religion, that tells us with the clarion voice of Faith that the dead are not dead to us, nor we to them—that friend may still be friend, and love lives beyond the grave!"

DE PROFUNDIS.

Out of the depths, but not unhallowed depths,
I cry to thee, O dear one, cry to thee;
Think of me, far from glory, far from rest,
For thus hast power to merit fruitfully.
While I in anguish crave the highest, best
Beyond all thought. Such rapture have I known
One moment at the judgment,—then, like stone,
I sank into the torments waiting me
In cleansing fires; for which I weep and moan
Until my soul from shadow-stain is free.
Ah, then will darkness pass and sunlight ray
Of Love, sweet Love that vanquished every wrong,
Bid weary silence break. O, haste the day
When I shall see my God, for Whom I long.

The Gregorian Masses

Pope St. Gregory the Great (590-600 A. D.), the first Pontiff of that name tells us in his "Dialogues" that he caused thirty Masses to be said on thirty consecutive days for the repose of the soul of Justus, a monk who had died in his convent of St. Andrew on Mount Coelius, where the church of St. Gregory now stands. At the end of the trental the deceased appeared to his brother Copiosus who, in quality of physician, had assisted him in his last illness and announced to him that he had been delivered from the flames of purgatory.

Copiosus went at once to the convent to tell the brethren. The latter having carefully counted the days, found that this had happened on exactly the thirtieth day on which the Holy Sacrifice had been offered for Justus.

Now, Copiosus did not know anything about these thirty Masses celebrated for his brother, nor did the Monks know anything of the apparition which Copiosus just had. On comparing notes, it was found that the thirtieth Mass and the apparition coincided, and it was evident that the deceased had been delivered from his sufferings by the merits of the Holy Sacrifice.

With regard to the foregoing fact, the Bollandists tell us that, on the thirtieth day St. Gregory was assured of the deliverance of the soul of Justus. An inscription, also, in the church of St. Andrew and Gregory, erected in the ancient dwelling of the Holy Pontiff, on Mount Coelius, Rome, confirms the fact.

St. Gregory was instructed by a revelation upon the efficacy of these thirty Masses. One day, all on fire with ardent love for the souls in purgatory, he was lamenting that after his death he could no longer do anything for them.

"My son," said our Lord to him, "I desire to grant you a favor that will be entirely special. It is this, that every soul in purgatory for whom will be offered thirty Masses in thy honor and without interruption, shall be immediately delivered, whatever be his debt to Me; and still more, I shall not wait till the Masses have been celebrated, but I shall deliver the soul as soon as the offering is made for it."

From this, however, it does not follow that St. Gregory the Great was the first to introduce the pious custom of the thirty Masses, since the practice of offering Mass a certain number of consecutive days and for one determinate end, is anterior to his time. But the fact above related and the profound veneration in which St. Gregory the Great is held in the Church helped

to spread throughout the West the custom of the thirty Masses for the dead.

The confidence of the Faithful in this pious custom is approved and reasonable, as it is in virtue of the good pleasure and acceptation by the Divine Mercy that the Holy Sacrifice is speedily efficacious in delivering a soul from purgatory.

Although the masses are called Gregorian they need not be said in memory of St. Gregory nor even by the same priest. They must, however, be said exclusively for the soul whose deliverance from the pains of purgatory is especially solicited from the Divine Mercy, and for thirty consecutive days without interruption; nor is it necessary that they should be said at the same altar but their efficacy would be more highly guaranteed if the altar were privileged. Nor is it required that the Masses said should be Requiems, since in the course of thirty consecutive days Sundays and festivals occur on which it is not permitted to say Requiem Masses. The only essential on this point is that, during thirty consecutive days Mass be offered for the soul whose deliverance is asked.

Many are astonished that thirty Masses said consecutively can obtain a grace which cannot be obtained by a greater number. But God alone knows the reason of this. What is certain is that the custom of offering prayer for thirty days for the dead without intetrruption, dates back to the remoted antiquity. We read in Holy Scripture that the Jewish people wept and prayed for thirty days after the death of Moses and Aaron, respectively. St. Gregory revived this custom, and the revelation given him confirmed him in the idea that he was acting rightly.

Pope Benedict XIII extolled the pious practice of these Masses. In one of the thirty sermons that he preached on purgatory, in 1720, in the Cathedral of Benevento, of which he was then Archbishop, he says: "The reason of the special utility of this custom lies in the merits of St. Gregory, who, then a monk, obtained by the great efficacy of his prayers the satisfactory virtue for these thirty Masses."

On August 24, 1888, the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences declared that these thirty Masses *cannot be said for the living.*

S. A. M.

Catholic Schools

Speaking a few days ago before the students of the Maine Wesleyan seminary at Kent's Hill, Maine, former Secretary of State, the Hon. Cyrus W. Davis paid the following tribute to our Catholic schools. After treating at length the essence of citizenship in its ideal, the State of Maine, her resources and her splendid schools in general, Mr. Davis touching on the question of private or denominational schools, such as Bowdoin, Colby, Bates, Van Buren, Kent's Hill and other kindred institutions, said "I would be recreant to my conception of the untold value of these agencies for the upbuilding of Maine, if I did not pay a just tribute to the great Catholic church of Maine which is in the very forefront of intelligent, aggressive and effective work for education. This great agency works without ostentation and without hope of reward of a material sort, and with a consecrated desire to do its part in the building and shaping full rounded men and women of high character and ideals.

"It maintains a classical college at Van Buren on a par with the other colleges of the state and where degrees are conferred.

"It teaches 11,454 pupils in 53 parochial schools; it maintains 10 academies with an average of 642 scholars; three Indian schools, two orphanage schools, while six devoted brothers and 540 sisters are giving their lives and the best there is in them, in the schools, hospitals and asylums of the state.

"In addition to this noble work for Maine, they are maintaining three hospitals and a home for aged women.

"The graduates of these schools, and they are numbered by the hundreds, are taking their places in the professions and in positions of trust within our borders, fully equipped mentally and morally for the further uplift of our standards of citizenship.

"I am aware of the fact that it has not been the policy of the state to materially assist denominational schools as such but I trust that the time is not far distant when the state will recognize its obligation to any institution whose work and product is citizenship of a high order, and on which citizenship, the future progress of Maine largely depends."

The Catholic Church in Maine

Saint Sauveur.

When Samuel Argall made his wanton attack on the rapidly rising settlement of Saint Sauveur, France and England were at peace. The little hamlet on the hill-side at Mount Desert, and the few log cabins scattered along the James river, known as Jamestown, were the only European habitations on the Atlantic coast north of Florida. There were many leagues of sea and miles of unsettled ocean coast between them; so feebly were they established that one might look for years and years to pass ere their interests might clash.

Various historians have tried to excuse Argall on one ground or another; some endeavor to shield him behind his commission from the Governor of Virginia; others allege the times in which he lived as his excuse. Street in his history of Mount Desert page 46 thus speaks of the English leader: "Argall's act has been censured as a mere buccanneering or piratical enterprise, undertaken in the course of a fishing voyage. Even Parkman says that it was utterly unauthorized. But the Virginia records prove that his enterprise was an authorized one, and was undertaken with the definite purpose of dispersing the French in Acadia. The Charter of Virginia directed the Governor to repel, and resist as well by sea as by land, by all ways and means whatsoever, all and every person and persons who shall attempt to inhabit within the said several precincts and limits, the precincts as defined in said instrument, covered all the territory between the 34th and 45th parallels of latitude. The colonists were also authorized to take and surprise unlicensed ships found trading in any harbors within the same limits.

"Argall was therefore not only authorized but commanded to break up French settlements at Saint Croix and Port Royal. As the nations were at peace it was given out that he was going fishing, but his equipment a 'man of warre' armed with fourteen guns and manned by sixty musketeers was hardly one for a peaceful fishing voyage. He was on his way to execute his orders when information gained from the Indians, led him first to the newer and nearer settlement at Mount Desert."

Taking under consideration whatever may have been said for or against Samuel Argall, granting that he bore a commission, and that the French had encroached on what by right of dis-

covery and royal patent was justly regarded as English territory, we see no way to justify what the greatest Catholic American Historian, the late Dr. John Gilmary Shea characterizes as "An unprovoked attack by men pretending to be Christians on a mission station established for the conversion of the heathens, followed by blood-shed and indiscriminate plunder, has no parallel in history. Virginia shared the infamy by endorsing Argall's action, as England does by refusing reparation." Before shedding Christian blood Argall might well have interviewed la Saussaye, have compared their rival claims, and perhaps as a last resort, have taken the course he did. By so doing he had everything to gain and nothing to lose. Be this as it may; the reports of his hostile shots had barely ceased to resound from the sides of the towering mountains, ere he led his men on shore.

Fernald's Point from Lancaster Island.

The Jesuit Father Biard says, "The Victorious Englishmen made a landing in the place where we had begun to erect our tents and dwellings, and searched for our Captain to find his commission, saying that the land was theirs, but that if we would show that we had acted in good faith, and under the authority of our prince, they would not drive us away, since they did not wish to imperil the amicable relations which existed between our two Sovereigns."

"The trouble was they did not find la Saussaye, but they

seized his desk, searched it carefully, and having found our commissions and royal letters, seized them, then putting everything in its place they closed and locked the desk. On the next day, when he saw la Saussaye, the English Captain welcomed him politely, and then asked to see his commission. La Saussaye replied that his papers were in his desk, which was accordingly brought to him, and he found it in perfect order, but the papers were missing. The English Captain immediately changed his tone and manner, saying 'Then sir, you are imposing on us. You have given us to understand that you hold a commission from your king, and yet you can produce no evidence of it. You are all rogues and pirates and deserve death.' He then granted permission to his soldiers to plunder us, in which work they spent the entire afternoon."

"We witnessed the destruction of our property from the shore, the Englishmen fastened our vessels to theirs, for we had two, our ship and a boat newly constructed and equipped. We were thus reduced to a miserable condition, and this was not all. Next day they landed and robbed us of all we still possessed, destroying our clothing and other things. At one time they committed some personal violence on two of our people, which so enraged them that they fled to the woods, like poor crazed creatures half-naked not knowing what was to become of them."

"To return to the Jesuits: I have told you that Brother du Thet was wounded by a musket-shot during the fight. The English on entering our ship placed him under the care of their surgeon, along with other wounded men. The surgeon was a Catholic, a very charitable man, and he treated us with great kindness. Father Biard knowing that Brother du Thet was wounded asked the Captain to allow him to be carried ashore, so that he had an opportunity to receive the last Sacraments, and to praise the just and merciful God in company with his brethren. He died with much resignation and calmness and devotion twenty-four hours after he was wounded, thus his prayers were granted, for on our departure from Honfluer, he had raised his hands and eyes towards heaven, praying that he might no more return to France, but that he might die laboring for the salvation of souls. He was buried the same day at the foot of the large cross which we had erected on our arrival."

"It was not till then that the English recognized the Jesuits to be priests. Father Biard and Father Ennemond Massé went to the ship to speak to the English Captain and explained that they were Jesuits, who had travelled into these regions to convert the Savages. Then they implored him by the Blood of Him whom they both acknowledged as their Redeemer and by the mercy they hoped for, that he would have pity on the poor Frenchmen whom God had placed in his power, that he would

liberate them and permit them to return to France. The Captain heard them quietly, and answered them respectfully. 'But,' said he, 'I wonder that you Jesuits, who are generally supposed to be conscientious and religious men, should be here in company with robbers and pirates, without law or religion. Father Biard replied to him, proving that all the crew were good men, and approved by his most Christian Majesty, and refuted so positively the objections of the English Captain, that the latter was obliged to pretend to be convinced."

" 'Certainly,' said he, 'it was very wrong to lose your letters patent. However, I shall talk with your captain about sending you home.' "

Whatever may have been Argall's intentions regarding his prisoners, would be hard to discern; he was apparently in doubt after the sack of Saint Sauveur as to his next move; that he intended to do them any further harm seems out of the question. We know that he tarried at Saint Sauveur for some little time after the pillage from the fact that the bodies of the two young men who were drowned in trying to escape from the ship during the attack, Le Moine from Dieppe, and Nepveu from Beauvais, were recovered and buried nine days afterwards. Having denuded the Colonists of all their earthly possessions, Argall appears to have been anxious to make as good an impression on them as possible by seeming open to conviction as to what might be done with them. One thing certain he showed no inclination to part with any notable portion of his booty since when it was finally agreed that they should return to France, he would only permit them to take a small open boat for their passage, which could not accommodate more than a part of them. It was therefore arranged that la Saussaye and Father Massé together with thirteen companions, fifteen in all should take the small boat and endeavor to reach some French vessel that might chance to be off the coast. Without chart or compass, and with little knowledge of the surrounding waters, de la Saussaye and his companions would in all probability have perished, had not the pilot, a native of Rouen named Le Bailleur and a few sailors who, having escaped during the assault, had remained at a distance carefully observing the fate of their fellow countrymen, joined them as they were passing out to sea and together slowly wended their way along the Maine coast around to the harbor of Port Mouton off the southern shore of Nova Scotia, where they luckily after enduring untold hardships chanced to meet two French trading vessels which gave them hospitality and in due time landed them at St. Malo.

For the remaining colonists, fifteen in number, Argall had agreed to land Fathers Biard and Quentin, and their immediate associates at the Pencoit Isles where they might soon encounter some merchantman who would carry them back to France, so placing the two Jesuit fathers and four of the captured colo-

Honfleur

De la Saussaye and his colonists sailed from this port, March 12, 1613.

nists on the Jonas now under the command of his lieutenant Turnel, Argall took the balance of the colony aboard the Treasurer, and set his course for Jamestown, but for some reason or other he failed to land the Fathers, their associate John Dixon and their servant at the Pencoit Isles, judging it perhaps more to his advantage to bring the entire party now with him to Virginia.

On his arrival at Jamestown, he found that the English governor, Sir Thomas Dale, a great advocate of martial law, was inclined to go farther than he had presumed to go himself, and to hang them all without ceremony which he would have done without doubt had not Argall intervened and disclosed the affair in its true light to the Governor. He told him that the French colonists were innocent of any intent of wrong doing, produced the royal commission which he had stolen from la Saussaye's strong box. The exiles were astounded at the appearance of the lost commission, for it had apparently never occurred to them that Argall was in any way responsible for its disappearance.

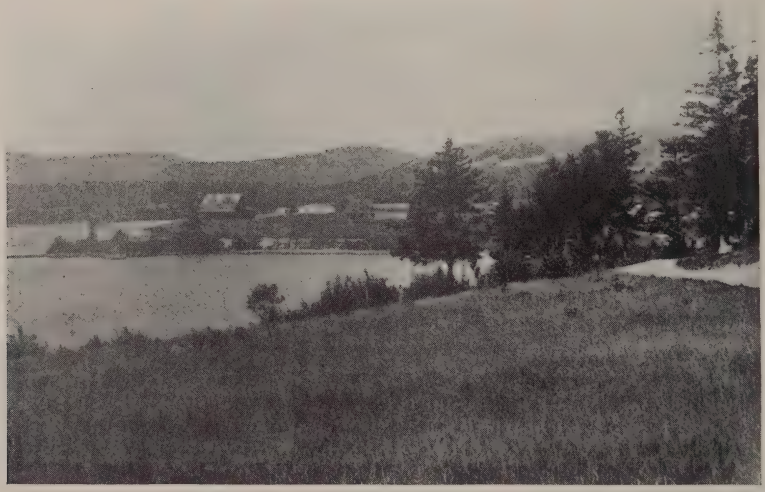
La Saussaye's letters patent however placed the affair in a different light before Governor Dale. He had no desire to disturb the peaceful relations existing between France and England; to go farther might prove embarassing; so with the advice of his councilors he decided to get Father Biard and his companions back to France and to complete the destruction of the French settlements already existing within the Jamestown grant, and what more efficient instrument could he have chosen than the one who had already begun the work of vandalism, Samuel Argall.

In his letter of May 26th, 1614, to Father Aquaviva after narrating theis vissitudes in and following the destruction of Saint Sauveur, Father Biard says: "After this episode," i. e., their trial in Virginia, "the captain who had taken us was commissioned to return to that part of New France where he had plundered us, and to plunder any French ships he might find, and burn all the houses and settlements. There remained two settlements there, that of Sainte Croix and that of Port Royal, where I had remained for two years."

"Three ships were equipped for this expedition,—two which they had taken from us, and a third and larger one, the man-of-war, as they call it which had taken us. So eight of us Frenchmen were taken in this vessel, in view of any opportunity that might arise of seding us back to our own country. These vessels returned first to the place where we had been captured, and all the crosses that we had set up they overthrew. But not unavenged!

"On the same spot, before our departure, they hanged one of their number whom they had apprehended in some plot. Thus one Cross took the place of many.

"Here a new peril arose. The English, as I have previously stated, wished to go to the settlement of Sainte Croix, although it had at that time no inhabitants. Some salt, however, had been left there. No one except myself knew the way; and the English knew that I had been there formerly. They accordingly demand that I lead them. I do all that I can to evade and refuse this proposal; but it avails me nothing. They perceive clearly that I am unwilling to obey. At this the captain grows very angry, and my peril becomes imminent; when suddenly they find the place without my help, and plunder and burn it."



Manchester Point, Northeast Harbor.

"They moreover on this occasion captured a savage who guided them to Port Royal. Although this had delivered me from one great danger, it nevertheless involved me in a greater one. For after they had plundered and burnt Port Royal (which by some inexplicable chance they had found abandoned by its inhabitants), some Frenchmen, one of those very men who had deserted Port Royal, brought an accusation against me, which was nothing less than this: that I was a genuine Spaniard, and that on account of certain crimes committed in France, I dared not return there. Hereupon, the captain already incensed against me, having found a fine pretext for his wrath, asked his followers whether they did not think it would be just to cast me forth on the shore and abandon me there. The opinion of the majority prevailed, who thought it better to take me back to Virginia, and there return me to that unlucky tree which in accordance with law and justice, I had escaped.

Thus I escaped death for the moment; and so we soon after started on our return voyage to Virginia."

After leaving Port Royal, a severe storm scattered Argall's flotilla; the vessel bearing Father Biard and Quentin was driven to the Azores, whence the captain finally made his way to the coast of Wales where he landed near the little town of Pembroke in search of provisions. Here he was seized and held as a pirate until with the aid of the Jesuit Fathers he established his innocence after which he was allowed to proceed to London and Dover, where the well night exhausted missionaries were hastened across the straits to their native land. Taking their departure from Calais where they had landed after a delay of three days, for Amiens whence on the 26th of May, 1614, Fr. Biard wrote an account of his struggles to his Superior General, Father Aquaviva during his nine months of captivity in the hands of the English. On the 26th day of January, 1611, Father Biard had sailed from Dippe for New France in company with Edmond Massé. Father Quentin sailed with the Saint Sauveur expedition from Honfluer, March 12, 1613, so that the short space of a year left nothing but blackened ruins to mark the sites of Sainte Croix, Port Royal, and Saint Souveur, landmarks in the contest for empire in the western world.

Looking back on the site of Saint Sauveur, over the scene of ruined hopes and blighted aspirations, we are led to ask how long that French Colony established under the fostering care of Madame de Guercheville remained on the eastern shore of Mount Desert Isle; how long the rude intrenchments raised by de la Saussaye endured; how long as the New England historian Bancroft says "under the summer sky, round a cross in the center of the hamlet, matins and vespers were regularly chanted?"

We have seen that our colonists leaving Honfluer on the 12th of March, 1613, arrived at Cape de la Hève on the Nova Scotian shore May 16th. On the 26th inst. we find them sailing from Port Royal so that making all due allowances for delays we can hardly place them on Fernald's Point, Mount Desert before the last days of May or the first of June, 1613.

At the most their stay was short, for between the end of May or the first of June, 1613, and November 9th of the same year Saint Sauveur, Sainte Croix, and Port Royal were destroyed. Argall as we know first partially demolished Saint Sauveur, and then returned to Virginia, where there was naturally some delay in fitting out to return and complete his work of destruction. We have therefore a period of less than five months for the duration of the first Catholic settlement on Mount Desert. Father Biard in his letter to Father Aquaviva written under the date of May 26th, 1614, stated that they had just been released from "nine months' captivity in the hands of the English."

Counting back nine months from May, 1614, would place the date of the destruction of Saint Sauveur at the end of September or early in October at the latest possible if we allow Argall sufficient time for his trip back to Virginia and his return for the completion of his work.

As we today take our stand on the site of Antiscou's Indian Village, now known as Manchester's Point on which stands Indian Head Cottage, Ditson's Summer home, we see about us little evidences of the past, save here and there breaking through the well cared lawn, shell heaps, the last records of a race that has passed and gone. Here where the sons of wealth come to spend their summer days, in far and distant ages, the untutored children of the forest came to feast and enjoy the health laden breezes. Here Biard first made the acquaintance of the Indian chief Antiscou. This was the scene of the missionary's sick call; the scene perhaps of the first mission instruction, the first baptism. From this point the Indians witnessed the coming of the Jonas saw the landing of her colonists, assisted at the first mass offered under the shadow of the mission cross. They were perhaps standing on this point when the English ship Treasurer bearing Samuel Argall sailed up the western bay on her fell work of destruction; they saw the smoke of battle, heard the cries of the wounded, the last sigh of the dying Du Thet.

Saint Sauveur, 1613

This was that secluded spot where,

"Far eastward o'er the lovely bay
Penobscot's clustered wigwams lay
And gently from that Indian town
The verdant hillside slopes adown,
To where the sparkling waters play
Upon the yellow sands below."

and directly across the bay, we behold Fernald's point, the site of Old Saint Sauveur,but little changed from that day when Biard, Massé and Quentin, de la Saussaye and his colonists gathered about the mission cross; but little changed from that day when the mission priest standing at the base of the rising mountains,

> "While gazing on the scene below,
> May half forget the dreams of home,
> That nightly with his slumbers come,—
> The tranquil skies of sunny France,
> The peasant's harvest song and dance,
> The vines around the hillsides wreathing,
> The soft airs midst their clusters breathing."

saw beneath him, "Bathed in the morning's flood of gold."

> "A vision gorgeous as the dream;
> Gems of waters with each hue
> Of brightness set in ocean's blue."

We see but a single habitation, the old Fernald homestead about which "the beautiful hillside sloping gently from the seashore, and supplied with water by a spring on either side" still remains. Tradition points out the spring whence the missionary drew water, now called Biard's spring. Fernald's Point whilst "sloping gently from the seashore" also slopes towards the middle, so perchance the primitive homes were in course of erection on the sloping ridges while between them in the center where the earth rises less abruptly from the sea stood the mission cross; if so, here in the sands just back from the water's edge is the grave of Gilbert du Thet. But Argall's devastations, and the passing of three hundred years "wielding the dull axe of decay" have stolen away all vestiges leaving only the few detached letters of the stout hearted Biard to tell us in part, the story of the first and last Jesuit colony on the coast of Maine.

AN IDEAL.

> To voice in song some high resolve of truth
> Which should draw up to it the heart of youth;—
> Impetuous youth so quick to waste its time
> At earth's unworthy tables, when divine
> And sacramental it might come to be
> If offered at high altars worthily!—
> Oh, were it mine such songs as that to frame
> She of the trumpet might blow past my name.

M. H. L.

Obituary

Hon. James Cunningham, aged 74 years, died at his residence on Congress street at noon Saturday, Nov. 8, after an illness occasioned by his advancing age superinduced by injuries received in an automobile accident at Augusta some three years since.

Although in poor health for about a year it was not until a few weeks ago that he succumbed to his infirmities and advancing age. Being of a sturdy race he was sustained by almost marvelous vitality, remarkable to his attending physicians even during the last few days of his life. He met his end as he had lived—fearless, strong in spirit and calm.

The death of James Cunningham removes from this community one of the now almost extinct generation of men of affairs like George P. Wescott, Governor Cleaves and others of that stamp who had much to do with the upbuilding of the city after the great fire, industrially, politically and civicly.

After reaching the age of sixty years Mr. Cunningham displayed remarkable business ability that surprised even his closest associates when, although a mechanic all his previous life, he assumed the management and direction of what was then and can even yet be considered one of the largest and most prominent hotels of New England, the Lafayette, which he built against the advice of friends who could not foresee the success of the venture. By his business sagacity he placed the hotel upon a successful and profitable basis. He continued in the management of the hotel until about two years ago when he retired from all active business pursuits and turned over the management of the hotel to his son-in-law, J. Stuart Maher, the present manager.

Mr. Cunningham was a brilliant example of a self made man, coming to this city a poor journeyman mason in his early manhood from Ireland, who through his own efforts won recognition and business standing as a contractor second to none in the State of Maine, if not in the New England States and at the same by his sterling worth, honesty and business integrity always maintained a most enviable reputation in the business community which continued unbroken until his retirement from business.

His father and grandfather were masons and builders in Ireland and Mr. Cunningham learned the trade with them. He

came to this country with the settled purpose and determination to become a mason and builder here. In common with other lads he listened to wonderful stories of America and the numerous opportunities for any young man who was determined to succeed. So at the first opportunity he packed his grip and came to America. He landed in Boston in 1863. A few days later he arrived in Portland. He secured employment with Charles Stuart as a journeyman mason, and he worked for him only a year when T. E. Stuart, one of the largest contractors in the city, recognized his ability and made him foreman. For five years he remained with T. E. Stuart, or until 1870, when he commenced business for himself. This had been his goal from the time he landed in the country and by saving his money he was able to reach this goal in a very few years.

After starting business for himself Mr. Cunningham constructed many of the largest structures of the city and State, some of which will stand as monuments to him even with some of the more modern structures, those examples of later day architectural skill, not many have been erected in this city that will cause his work to suffer by comparison.

His first contract after starting his own business was the construction of the engine house for the Boston and Maine railroad, which he secured through the instrumentality of Judge Putnam and Payson Tucker. To this friendship Mr. Cunningham oftimes attributed his success of after years, as from this time his progress was upward, steady and prosperous. He secured other contracts for various kinds of buildings. His very first block of distinction was Farrington block and this was followed by the Davis building on Congress street opposite the City hall; by the Brown block at the corner of Center street and Monument square, occupied by Loring, Short & Harmon; by the Brown block at the corner of Congress and Casco streets, the Baxter Memorial Building, all of the Maine Central shops at Waterville containing more than 3,000,000 bricks, the Union Station in this city, the West End hotel, all of the buildings of the E. T. Burrowes Company plant on Free, Center and Spring streets, the large building on Commercial street occupied by the Milliken, Tomlinson Company are examples of his work as well as various power and light plants in various parts of the State, and which concluded with the erection of the Lafayette Hotel, a few years after which he retired from active business.

Mr. Cunningham was born in Manorhamilton, County Leitrim, Ireland, May 8, 1839, son of Francis and Mary Jane (Meehan) Cunningham. His father and grandfather were both with General Humbert at the battle of Ballinamuck.

He was married Feb. 14, 1871, by Bishop Bacon to Miss Catherine Mullin of Portland.

Mr. Cunningham had received but a grammar school education and then began as an apprentice with his father. With a

desire for further education he supplemented his early schooling by wide reading and home study and his library at his beautiful Congress street home was filled with the works of the best authors. His cottage at Delano Park is one of the best on the Cape shore. It is beautifully situated and the veranda affords a view of the whole shore line.

Of late years, he had but little desire for public life, but as a member of the council of Governor Fernald, he took a prominent interest in the affairs of the State intrusted to him as a member of that body and was frequently consulted on important matters by his colleagues.

Mr. Cunningham had the distinction of serving the city for eight years as a member of the city government, four years in the common council and four years in the board of aldermen, representing wards one and two during that time.

Mr. Cunningham was also interested in military affairs, and helped to organize the Montgomery Guards and Sheridan Rifles of this city, and was an honorary member of both companies. For some years he was a trustee of the Portland Savings Bank, a member of the Athletic and Lincoln clubs, the Irish American Relief association, Ancient Order of Hibernians, Knights of Columbus, a trustee of the St. Elizabeth's Catholic Orphan Asylum and vice president for Maine of the American-Irish Historical society and a member of the Maine Genealogical society.

Mr. Cunningham was a very charitable man and gave freely though judiciously. Besides being a regular contributor to the various charity organizations his personal charities were many. His gifts were made in a quiet and unostentatious way and are known only to himself and the recipient. Many have reason to be grateful to him for favors. A good friend, was positive in character, and like most successful men, had strong likes and dislikes.

Mr. Cunningham is survived by a sister, Miss Nellie, who since the death of his wife a number of years ago was his housekeeper, assisting him to maintain the home; two brothers, Frank W., who has also established himself as a successful contractor, and Christopher D., who for years has been the purchasing agent for the Lafayette Hotel. He also leaves four children—a son, William J., and three daughters, Mrs. J. Stuart Maher, Mrs. Thomas F. Conneen and Mrs. Charles L. Donahue.

As a Catholic and member of the Cathedral parish he was always prominent in advancing the interests of his church, but in no way more than by the example of a life honorably and cleanly lived.

His funeral took place Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 10 A. M., from the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception. The edifice was nearly filled, many business associates during his long career in this city, employees at the Hotel Lafayette and former em-

ployees when he was the leading contractor of the City being included. Men who are well known in State affairs and were present also and the services were a high tribute to the worth and character of the man who was later conveyed to his last resting place.

Solemn mass of requiem was celebrated by Rt. Rev. Monsignor M. C. McDonough of Lewiston, vicar general of this diocese, Rev. T. P. Linehan of Biddeford acting as deacon and Rev. John J. McGinnis of Sanford as sub-deacon. A large body of priests assisted in the sanctuary, as follows: Rev. Edward B. Henry of Winthrop, Rev. James A. Carey of Hallowell, Rev. Father Quinn of Yarmouth, Rev. Martin Clary, Rev. John O'Dowd, Rev. Fr. Horton, Rev. Fr. Powers, Rev. Fr. Lynch, Rev. Fr. Mahoney and Rev. Fr. Santagnello, all of Portland; Rev. W. A. Gilfillan of Sayerville, N. J.

Honorary bearers were Hon. James P. Baxter, Frank D. True, Fritz Jordan and A. H. Berry of the Portland Savings Bank. Treasurer Edward A. Noyes, William H. Moulton and the junior officers of the bank being in attendance also and Col. Fred N. Dow, president of the Casco National Bank, and Franklin R. Redlon, a director, among others representing such institutions.

Active bearers were Harry S. Jordan, Charles McCarthy, Jr., Edward A. Duddy and Dr. J. L. McAleny. The body was laid at rest in the family mausoleum in Calvary Cemetery, this structure being completed just in time to receive the body of the designer and builder.

Hon. Matt O'Doherty, Judge of the Circuit Court, and Mrs. Doherty, a counsin of Mr. Cunningham and Mrs. Frank Flynn of Lawrence were among those from out of town in attendance.

His eulogy was delivered by the Rt. Rev. Bishop, who took for his text the following words of Holy Scripture: "This is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith." I St. John: V. In the development of his subject, Bishop Walsh said:

"The scene of mournful splendor in this Temple of God recalls two other scenes and a span of fifty years of life, binding them together.

"The first scene is the young man of 24 years of age coming to Portland, young, sturdy, ardent, having health, a trade, only a little money, a heart full of courage and a soul full of faith.

"He came to share in the mission of Ireland to the English speaking world. His boyhood pictures were of a race having lost its nationality, deprived of its language, having emancipation on the statute and slavery on land and in home with the guant form of famine stalking through the country.

"The Irish people took up the language of the oppressor, and by it brought the Catholic faith to every land where English is spoken, and had it been otherwise, perhaps that faith would

today be unknown or at least a small factor in the English speaking world.

"Mr. Cunningham shared in that mission, and it is easy to single out two striking traits that were and are in opposition to the tendency of the present age.

"It was often said that an Irishman must sacrifice his race and at least compromise on his religion to win the confidence of his fellow citizens and success in the American business world. Such a claim puts a low estimate on the Irish Catholic character, and is unworthy of the mind of our great Republic—and Mr. Cunningham's life disproved both. He acquired wealth, influence in business, position in civic affairs and never for one moment allowed his race or his religion to be obscured, much less compromised.

"He gave a consistent, persevering example of the worship of God and reverence for the Church—not in any vague, theoretic sense of those words, but in God, the Creator, Master, Judge, and the worship founded upon fear, real and practical, that is everywhere in Holy Writ pointed out as the beginning of all true wisdom. His life was thus opposed to that growing tendency among the classes or men of influence to ignore God and abandon the Church on Sundays, and which now has reached the condition of a public calamity, because it will surely go from the classes to the masses and then let the public beware!

"Next he brought up a Christian Catholic family—where home, school and Church influence are identical and harmonious, and thus perpetuate a Christian moralty and civilization, based upon the family, the only true unit.

"We are nursing a delusion in this great country, expecting generations of Christian men and women, while providing education non-Christian in every positive sense of the work. In a word we are hoping to do what Our Blessed Lord warned the world of His day not to attempt, because it were vain and against all law of human nature, we are hoping to gather 'grapes from thorns and figs from thistles,' a delusion and a snare that may easily and swiftly become a real curse.

"Mr. Cunningham taught his family how to live, and the second scene at the other end of the span occupied the last few weeks, when he taught them how to die.

"That strong man, sturdy character, and proudly successful citizen a few weeks ago saw the mysterious Angel of death coming gradually to take him by the hand and call him away from this world.

"No fear in that strong soul to make him tremble in presence of this new call from God, no chloroform to dull his mind or body in presence of pain or sorrow. No, but he stretched out his own hand, as it were, to meet the Angel whose grasp was now firm and sure.

"Prayer, silence, the crucifix that greatest of all preachers were the strength, consolation and happiness of his dying hours as he had known them when a young Irish boy in his native land. His faith triumphed over all the terrors and tragedy of death as it had won the victory over the world. Thus he closed his eyes to this world, and now has gone to that other world forever.

"Holy Mother Church gives to him the last tribute of her sacred ritual, in the Church and Sanctuary, where he always worshipped on every Sunday morn. She asks all to repeat the beautiful prayer: May the Lord have mercy on him and give him eternal rest. She does not speak of faults, but knows that God will discover defects even in the best, and never forgets for a moment to pray for her departed children.

"We offer, therefore, our sympathy to the dear ones, who have lost a good father, and we will all now chant with the Church the beautiful prayer, by which she gives the body to the grave and the soul into the hands of the Eternal Father."

LOVE ETERNAL.

When human love like wisp-lights cease to glow,
The stars of Love Eternal still remain;
For mortal hearts are frail, oft what they know
As love, is vanity with love's sweet name.

Historical and Magazine Notes

The immigrants entering the United States last year numbered 1,197,892 of which 37,023 came from Ireland settling in nearly every state in the union. The state in which the greatest number remained was New York which offered a home to 11,961. Massachusetts was selected by 6,607. The states receiving the smallest number were Mississippi and Oklahoma which received five each. 470 came to Maine.

The Catholic Church in the United States possesses educational property to the value of about $100,000,000. Her people pay out annually for Christian education the magnificent sum of about $10,000,000, all of which is made to go as far as possible in taking care of the 1,250,000 children that frequent her schools and institutions which are increasing at the rate of about 140 a year.

Early in the present month, the eminent English Catholic writer, Wilfrid Ward arrived in this country for the purpose of giving a series of lectures. The opening lecture took place in Philadelphia under the auspices of the American Catholic Historical Society in the Academy of Music where on Friday evening, November 14th a select audience listened attentively to his review of the lives of the four great English Cardinals of the 19th century. Wiseman, Manning, Newman, and Vaughan. Mr. Ward from the experience of a long career as a publicists and writer on the lives of these noted Churchmen, should certainly be well equipped for work of placing before his audiences the salient points in the lives of these noted Churchmen.

For a number of years, it has been customary for the various officials representing the Central and South American sovereign states at Washington, to recognize our official "Thanksgiving Day" by assisting at a solemn service in St. Patrick's Catholic Church in our National Capital. While there is no Official Church properly so called in our Spanish or Portugese American States, yet it must be remembered that the vast majority

of the people living to the South of us is Catholic, hence it is not surprising that most if not all of their representatives at Washington, are members of the Catholic Church, and being such, should make use of her services in expressing publicly their gratitude to the Lord for His many blessings conferred on them.

Through courtesy to them, besides recognizing their influence and numbers, our various government officials including, His Excellency the President, have been accustomed to join them in their observance of Thanksgiving Day at St. Patrick's Church. So appropriate and natural did this Pan-American Mass seem to everyone, that one of our highest American officials requested Mgr. Russell, pastor of St. Patrick's to make the celebration an annual event. In this they were mistaken as is amply proven by the formal protest made by the clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Washington which to all intents and purposes accuses the Catholic Church of striving through this annual celebration to pose before the world as the official church in the United States, something to which she makes no claim whatsoever, and which exists solely in the fertile minds of the authors of the malicious set of resolutions evidently adopted without due consideration.

While the Catholics of Maine have been fitly celebrating the Ter-Centenary of the coming of the Church to their beloved State, the Catholics of far-away Japan are planning the celebration of the Ter-Centenary of the final planting of the holy faith in the land of the Mikado. The knowledge of the true Faith was first brought to Japan Aug. 15, 1549, when the friend and disciple of Ignatius Livola, Francis Xavier fresh from the field of his missionary labors in India and China, landed at Cangoxima where by the sanctity of his life and heroic sacrifices, he at once made a lasting impression on all well disposed. But it is not precisely the first coming of the missionary that the Catholic Japanese wish to celebrate, but rather the heroic constancy manifested by the early Christian converts when on January 27th, 1614, Tokugama Teyasu, emperor of Japan issued his edict ordering the destruction of the churches, the exile of the priests, and the renunciation of the Christian Faith by all his subjects. We are told that the marvels of the early age of the Church were renewed in the constancy of the Catholic Japanese, and that the more steadfast they showed themselves the more violent become their persecutions until millions of them were sacrificed, in the vain effort to crush their faith.

In a recent Pastoral Letter on the great and growing evil of Mixed Marriages, Archbishop Spratt of Kingston, Ont., after recounting the dangers which inevitably accompany these ill advised unions which frequently end in the loss of faith and in consequence the soul of the Catholic party, has placed a restriction of the public reception of the sacraments by any Catholic "who persists in courting the affections of non-Catholics with a view to marriage. We consider it a source of scandal to the faithful to witness such persons approaching the altar rail and receiving the Holy Eucharist, while they are still involved in a love affair in direct opposition to the will of the Church so frequently and deliberately expressed.

"Wherefore be it known, that Catholics engaged in this kind of inordinate courtship, are in the future prohibited from receiving the Blessed Eucharist in public, that is in the presence of the faithful assembled in the church. When they wish to communicate, let it be in a convent, chapel, in the sacristy, or in the church before the people have assembled to assist at Mass, or after they have departed.

"When mixed marriages must take place, the pastor will not apply for the necessary dispensation before the non-Catholic shall have consented to receive six instructions upon Catholic doctrine from a priest having the care of souls."

Statistics recently published by the Ministry of Public Works afford us the following interesting data regarding the birth rate in France, to which may be attributed not only the small increase in population in the French Republic, but likewise in our own country where a careful study of our native population gives us abundant matter for reflection.

According to the report in question, there are in France 11,387,434 married couples with or without children. Among these there are 1,805,744 who are childless; 2,967,571 have one child; 2,661,978 have two children; 1,643,425 have three children; 987,241 have four children; 566,768 have five children; 327,241 have six; 182,998 have seven; 94,728 have nine; 20,639 have ten; 8,335 have eleven; 3508 have twelve; 1,437 have thirteen; 554 have fourteen; 249 have fifteen; 79 have sixteen; 37 have seventeen; 45 have eighteen or more. The forty-five extraordinary families who have eighteen children "or more" doubtless live in Brittany. These statistics prove once more that as many anthropologists have pointed out, the low birth rate in France is produced, not by childless couples, so much as by the couples who have only one or two children.—Boston Evening Transcript, Oct. 25, 1913.

A great deal of comment is being made in the columns of our Catholic press regarding the two Catholic Governors directing or soon to direct the destinies of New York and Massachusetts, respectively Acting Governor Glynn of the Empire State and Governor-elect Walsh of the Bay State. While there should be no surprise at the election of a Catholic to any office in the gift of the American people to-day, when we consider their liberal tendencies and the proportions of our Catholic voters among our population, yet we are led to remark in the language of "The True Voice," Omaha, Neb., that "We trust they are worthy of the praise that has been heaped upon them. And we hope that when their terms of office are completed they may still be found worthy of eulogy from their co-religionists." Public office as has often been said, "is a public trust" and our Catholic laymen when placed therein, should remember that not only their individual reputation but their reputation as Catholics must never be placed in jeopardy by any act which may be judged unworthy of a child of God's Church which always has to suffer and bear the odium of her children's evil deeds. So that whether a man be elected to the high office of Governor of one of our Sovereign States, or head of one of our metropolitan cities, or even only apointed to a place on "The Force," his aim should be to leave after him a record for honesty well worth the imitation of the greatest or least of his fellow citizens in the great American Republic.

Two Catholic Institutions in Kansas City, St. Joseph's Asylum and the Kansas City Orphan Boy's Home, under the care of the Sisters, are this year receiving their share of the public funds for educational purposes, the Kansas City School Board having unanimously voted to provide a sufficient number of teachers for the secular education of the children. The Catholic Register under the date of Oct. 30th, states that "A large number of the orphans concerned are not Catholics, since no distinction is made as to the religion or nationality of these helpless creatures that are aided, other than that they are orphans and abandoned. The natural sympathy and readiness of the members of the school board to bear a part of the Sister's burden for the common good is a proof that they consider the care of these children a public duty rather than an individual one. Excepting the regular school hours, all religious instruction and training of the orphans will remain entirely in the hands of the Sisters. The action of the board is a move in the right direction. Catholics have always felt that that in justice they should have some benefit of the taxes which they are paying for their children, that they have a right to compensation for the secular education which they give in their charitable institutions. They

erect and support schools of their own, by voluntary contributions, convinced that the atmosphere of the ideal school must always be such that religion will enter as the motive and basis of all moral order."

The Catholics of Maine as well as those in other parts of our country, wherever the early Jesuit fathers passed in their missionary career, are greatly indebted to these same fathers for that collection of letters and reports known as the "Jesuit Relations" which give us so many details of the coming of the Church to our State.

For a long time these letters and reports existed chiefly in part here and there in the different Jesuit houses, where they were carefully treasured, but it remained for the publication of that monumental work, "The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents," to render this mass of valuable materials available for the general reader. The man responsible for the greater part of this notable work, was the secretary of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Ruben Gold Thewaites who died at his home in Madison, Wis., October 22, 1913.

"More than any man since Parkman," says the Nation, "credit is due to Thwaites for the upbuilding of the romantic and colorful history of the Old Northwest. . . . His many publications, his zeal as a collector, and his influence upon the historical scholarship at the University of Wisconsin, have made a heavenlike force long and widely acknowledged.

Catholics owe him a special debt of gratitude, for his careful editing the Jesuit Relations, a work containing 75 volumes, together with a life of Father Marquette, the great pioneer missionary of the West.

As is evident from a mere passing perusal of his writings, Prof. Thwaites, while not a Catholic, must ever be favorably known to Catholic scholars, through his unbiased treatment of the lives and works of the early Catholic missionaries. His death is therefore a distinct loss to the cause of Catholic historical research.

BETHLEHEM.

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